

POET'S CORNER.

SELECTED.

RESIGNATION.

BORN to live a life of trial,
Keen the bosom pangs of mine;
Drinking deep in sorrow's phial,
Earthly comforts I resign.
I'm the dupe of disappointment,
At my touch does wealth recoil;
Splendid fashion, gay refinement
Claim from me no thought of toil.
For afflictions, I can bear them,
Nor complain my fate's severe,
When I view and oft compare them
With the woes that others bear.
While misfortune's path I travel,
And its various terrors brave,
Death I think with me will level
Potentates within the grave.
Life's sharp contest soon is over,
Soon the dream of bliss is fled,
Then alike beneath one cover,
Rich and poor are overspread.
Let the rich pursue a treasure
Worthless as the fabled dust,
'Tis the poor man's only treasure
To be thought both Good and Just.
But let sorrows thick assail me,
Showers of sad distress descend,
Only when my life shall fail me,
Be, O God, my faithful friend.

TO MISS

AS on your burning lip I breath'd
The sweet, the sad, the fond farewell,
Around my neck your arms you wreath'd,
And wrapt me in their seraph spell;
And will it thus for ever glow?
And will you thus for ever twine,
As thus you twine around me now?
You threw on me your speaking eyes,
And blush'd your love upon my breast;
I heard your soften'd accents rise,
'To tell me all I wish'd confess.
But, dearest idol of my soul,
You knew not then what you had said,
You knew not then the flood tide-roll
Must ebb its wave and leave its bed:
For when the heart is lapt in pleasure,
And all we feel is warmly felt,
We dream in fondness o'er our treasure,
And never think the dream will melt.
Yes! Time will undetected steal
The throb, the blush, the smile of love,
And bid your heart in chillness feel
A chill you'd sworn it ne'er should prove.
Sigh not that love must cease to live—
We'll love, my dear, while love will last;
And what the future will not give,
We'll snatch in memory from the past.

FABLE OF THE PARROT.

A PARROT of beautiful hue,
Was kept by a lady, of late,
And long was Poll nourish'd and grew,
Contented and pleas'd with her state.
Her cage with fine gold was inlaid;
Her food was the whitest of bread,
And when night did the welkin o'er shade,
The softest of down was her bed.
Thus many a summer she pass'd,
In happiness, splendour and glee,
Till tired of dependence, at last,
Poor Poll often sigh'd to be free.
One fine rosy morn, in the spring,
The door of her cage open stood,
And Poll, with a fluttering wing,
Escap'd to a neighbouring wood.
The birds of the grove throng around,
The beautiful stranger to view,
The hills with their praises resound,
The valleys the echo renew.
Poll hears their applause with delight;
Of her beauty and wit she grows vain—
When lo! by a ravenous kite,
She is seiz'd and destroy'd on the plain.

MORAL.

Thus thoughtless maids, who love from home,
In quest of flattery to roam,
Shall find when caution is too late,
Their virtue meet the Parrot's fate.

THE LOVER CURED.

YOUNG Damon, with a lover's stare,
Eyed Phillis o'er and o'er,
And sure, said he, a form so fair
Was never seen before.
Love that eye, so soft and meek;
And who can e'er withstand
The lovely dimples of thy cheek,
The whiteness of thy hand.
O give me but a lock of hair,
(He said with ravisht eyes)
That on my finger I may wear,
And kiss the sacred prize.
What female could withstand the shock?
The yielding fair submits,
Poor Damon clasp'd his favourite lock,
And found it full of—NITS!

AGRICULTURAL.

—AGRICULTURE—

"The first of Arts, source of Domestic ease,
"Pride of the Land, and Patron of the Seas."

From the American Daily Advertiser.

The following communication, to the Philadelphia Society for promoting Agriculture, is published, to invite information, for the purpose of destroying the pests therein mentioned. Also to call the attention of our farmers to a most dangerous invader, which has been suffered to spread through our country, to a degree highly alarming.

SODDY-TOUGH GRASS LEYS.

Star, Hyacinthe and Blue Bottle.

I TROUBLE the society with subjects, in some degree connected with my communication on *Wild Garlic*. If the success of my tillage invites imitation, and inquiry is excited on the other subjects, my object will be obtained. Perhaps the benefits of the one, and the misfortunes of the other, are more general, than my opportunities have enabled me to know.

In the autumn of 1808, I ploughed my little trench field, in which I raised the hemp, (mentioned in our memoirs, page 244) from 5 to 7 inches deep. The sod was tough, and the surface much bound. I treated it as I have been accustomed to deal with similar soddy leys. I harrowed it frequently in the fall, and in open weather in the winter, in the direction of the furrows, to expose the Garlic, and fill all openings admitting too great influxes of air. To clear them, and consolidate the mass, I rolled it well; and thus it laid through the winter. The *Spike-Roller*, an implement too little known, or used, in this country, and without which no farmer of heavy or clay lands can do justice to his husbandry, would have been the best for this operation, though in light lands it is only occasionally used, or required.

Those who do not follow my practice in old leys nearly broken up, object to *fall ploughing*; because, in the spring, after they have fall ploughed, they *cross plough*, and turn up the sod, with all its pests and adhesion. This I never do—but harrow it well and often; (sometimes with a harrow with numerous *hocs* instead of *tines*) for my spring crop. I marked out the field in squares for Indian corn, & planted at the usual time, not disturbing the sod, except in a small part of the field hereafter mentioned. The corn, thus treated, does not, at first, grow so vigorously as in the common way. But as soon as the roots have penetrated the rotting sod, and mixed with the purifying vegetable matter, the plant is wonderfully rapid in its increase; and in its improvement in colour and vigour.—When the corn requires ploughing, the sod is completely decayed; and becomes a manure.

I was truly mortified, by the discovery in this field, of a new enemy, which defies all my efforts to subdue it. Mixed with some *compost*, formed in part of the cleanings of my garden, which had been spread several years, were a few bulbs of that most destructive and unconquerable pest, the *Star Hyacinthe* or *Wake-o-Days*, as it is vulgarly termed—from which the increase has become ruinously great. It has resisted two winter exposures; and I can now pick off the bulbs unhurt, from the surface of the field; although those of the Garlic are destroyed in their immediate vicinity. I have left no endeavours for their extermination untried. Intermixed with them, are many of the garden *Blue Bottle*, also a nuisance almost as indestructible though not so prolific. It is dangerous to mix the cleanings of offals of gardens with composts intended for the fields. Flowers, innocent and grateful to the parterre, are often pests in the field. But the one now mentioned does not always thus originate. I have brought this subject into view, to *give more than give information*. On inquiry I am told, that thousands of acres through our country are rendered worthless, by this agriculturally vile and mischievous plant. I know nothing but *paring and burning*, that will subdue this foe.—This I should have done, but my public engagements at the proper season abstracted me from such employment. This practice being unknown here, I wished personally to superintend it, to prevent (as much as in me lay) failure exciting prejudices against it.

In the spring 1809, I determined not to be outdone; and took the resolution to *hand weed* an acre, of the worst part of my field. I turned in the plough; and had a man, to lead boys, in hand weeding after the plough and harrow; but could not get through above half the acre. From this I collected, in repeated ploughings and harrowings, at least one hundred and fifty bushels of bulbs; estimated on a computation of the loads of a measured cart body. I should have persevered; but the boys grew tired, and abandoned the task.

Until my disaster, I had no idea of the extent, to which this destroyer had spread its ravages. I hear of it from numerous quarters of the old settlements of our state. It has e-

ven been indulged in grass grounds and meadows. Those who admired its insidiously modest and bloomy whiteness, did not perceive the ruinous pleasure they enjoyed. It exhausts far beyond *Garlic*; though it does not nauficate the crops.—Meadows and fields, once fertile and productive, are rendered by it barren and worthless. I earnestly wish that our farmers would take the alarm, in due time to arrest the progress of this very destructive plant, which has hitherto been too much overlooked and disregarded. All I can do, until I pursue further means and experiments, which I shall not omit, is to give solemn warning.

In my attempts to detach the roots from my field, and assist the weeder by frequent stirrings of the plough and harrow, I have a confirmation of the usefulness of my practice of rotting the sod. In the spot so often ploughed, the old vegetation dried and perished uselessly; and the Indian corn was strikingly inferior to that on the rest of the field. The whole crop, although at first unpromising, was abundant, and exceeded the general rate of crops of my tenants and neighbours. The season was not very favourable for corn. My field remained remarkable clean and free from weeds—an advantage attending this mode of treating soddy grass grounds. The cornstalks having been carried into the barn-yard for manure, the field is now winter-fallowed and limed, in preparation for field peas, potatoes and other ameliorating crops, to precede wheat. It is in fine tilth; and all the former cover of grasses, and other common vegetation (with the exception before stated) entirely rotted, and mixed throughout the soil, mellowed by the culture, and very promising in its colour and loose texture. The Garlic, I do not fear; but too many of the other bulbs remain to annoy me. An early spring ploughing will, under its present fitness for it, be highly serviceable, and complete the tilth. This will now do as much good, as one immediately succeeding the first ploughing would have done mischief.

RICHARD PETERS.

Belmont, Feb. 19, 1810.

To the Philadelphia Society for promoting Agriculture.

April 2d, 1810.—Several clusters of the *Star Hyacinthe*, which have been exposed on a flat stone (with no earth but the small portion which adhered to them) to all the winter frosts, are now vigorously shooting; uninjured by all the past inclemencies of the season.

R. PETERS.

From the Freeman's Journal.

To the Lovers of Agriculture.

REPEATED attempts in the propagation of the so called *Chinese Oil Radish*, *Raphanus sativus* *Chinensis*, have been attended with such good success as to induce the subscriber to think a communication of it not unworthy the attention of such persons as may feel desirous, through the encouragement of his experiments and improvements, to be serviceable to this country.—In China this plant is raised for its seed, of which it yields great quantities. This seed is so rich that it produces above one half its weight in oil, it answers every purpose of olive oil, and has this preference, that the same quantity burns six hours longer, nor will it freeze in winter. Before extracting the oil it is advisable that the seed should have lain at least half a year, and, if then cold pressed for the first time, will yield oil superior to any known. As in burning it, it generates a very fine soot, the Chinese catch the same in large funnels, and, with the assistance of gum, prepare that invaluable Indian Ink, which in vain Europe is attempted to be imitated from lamp-black.

In different trials in Germany, (where it has but lately been introduced) as also in N. Carolina, during the years 1807 and 1808, to raise this plant, the subscriber has never failed of success, with little or no trouble, as well as afterwards in extracting the oil; and when it is considered what vast sums are yearly sent to other countries for this valuable commodity, the benefits attending its introduction here need no comment.

A GERMAN.

Small parcels of seed may be had gratis on application to Mr. Ch. Dav. Sensesman, at Nazareth, Northampton county, Pennsylvania, (letters post paid) or at No. 123, North Third-street, Philadelphia.

Printers desirous of favouring the cause of agriculture will accelerate their laudable intentions by inserting the above.

ANECDOTE.

ACERTAIN secretary, having been worsted in an argument, by a certain minister, endeavoured to revenge himself upon his antagonist, in whispers addressed to a third person. "He is very far from a wise man" said the secretary—"True," replied the ambassador, who overheard the remark. "I may be very far from a wise man," he said, "I certainly am very near a fool."

ANNAPOLIS:

WEDNESDAY, April 25, 1810.

[Omitted last Week for want of Room.]

MERINO SHEEP.

A FEW days ago two men from Connecticut passed through Pittsburg with 15 Merino sheep they had purchased from Dr. Bais, of Butler county, which they were taking home for the purpose of increasing the stock of those valuable animals. Although col. Humphrey's of that state, has more Merinos than are in the United States besides, yet these men inform that it is impossible to purchase one from him, having such an extensive woollen manufactory to supply with their valuable fleeces. They paid Dr. Bais upwards of four thousand dollars for fifteen, and say they could readily get one thousand dollars a piece for them in Connecticut, so great a value do the people of that state put upon them.

[Tree of Liberty.]

Vaccination of Sheep.

The good effects of vaccination on sheep has been proved in Russia. On the estate of Count Romanzoff, above 3,000 sheep were inoculated with the Cow-pox, and thus preserved from a contagious distemper, which proved mortal among the neighbouring districts, and even in the place where the experiment was made to those sheep which were not inoculated.

The fine OX fed by Lawrence Seckel, Esquire, exhibited in the Cattle Show last week, and sold on Saturday last, at the fair No. 20, weighed as follows, to wit:

Fore quarters,	476½
and	476
Hind quarters,	362½
	352½
1667½ neat beef.	
Tallow	234
Hide	125

Whole weight, 2026½

And, as was expected, proved to be the largest ever raised and fed in Pennsylvania. The cattle of the eastern states, being of the Flanders breed, are larger than those of Pennsylvania and New-Jersey, but are not equal in value, either for the yoke, or as beef.

[Phil. pap. April 10.]

A son of Mr. Charles Stewart, of Sedgewick, (Mass.) was employed a few days since in falling trees, one of which in descending lodged at the top, which caused it to slide from the stump, and completely wedged its between the falling tree and another. In this distressing situation his loud cries rent the air, which were heard at several miles distance, but were not recognized as signals of distress. During his confinement, nearly 4 hours, he had the presence of mind to fix something to the neck of his faithful dog, on which he put some blood. The dog went home but his badge was not perceived, until Mr. Stewart, alarmed at his son's long absence, set out for the woods, when the dog evinced demonstrations of joy, by alternately running before, returning and fawning. When he was discovered by his father he was speechless. He was immediately liberated and after procuring a sleigh removed home. His thigh bone was much fractured. Hopes are entertained of his recovery.

The following article is from a Nashville paper, and will evince the growing prosperity of the western country.

In no instance we believe our enemies can shew an example of prosperity equal to the little town of Nashville, which 31 years ago was uninhabited and not a white person within less than 200 miles. The value of the real property assessed by the commissioners, is given for the last year at 359,208 58 cents; the population cannot be short of 3000. Among whom are 5 shoemakers, 11 journeymen and 7 apprentices; 5 tailors, 16 journeymen; 5 cabinetmakers, 8 journeymen; 3 saddlers, 6 journeymen; 5 smiths, 14 journeymen; 18 merchants; 5 tavernkeepers; 10 lawyers; 5 doctors; 8 carpenters, 11 journeymen; 3 bricklayers, 10 journeymen; 1 hatter; 3 silversmiths; 1 nailor, 5 journeymen; 3 bakers; 2 turners; 2 carriage makers; 2 tanners; 2 coopers; 1 cooper's smith; 120 white polls and 552 negroes.

SAWING OF WOOD.

Mr. Charles Forbes, of New-Bedford, has invented a machine for sawing wood. "A boy 12 years old can saw as fast as two men with a common crosscut saw."

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